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TOR 3-D no. 2
The second and final issue of the early 1950s classic 3-D set by Joe Kubert.

CLAREMORE, U.S.A. Woke up this morning in room 303 of the Hotel Will Rogers, the tallest building in Claremore, Oklahoma, and home of the famous Radium Water Mineral Baths, "where the world bathes its way to health." During the night we heard the trains running by, blowing long and long as they hit the grade crossings. Down below we left a good old antique oak library table strapped to the top of our car with bungee cords, and knew nobody would steal it. After all, this is what used to be known as Indian Territory, and honesty is as common as courtesy in these parts.

At seven we got our wake-up call and at seven-thirty our complimentary tray of hot coffee, real cream and chocolate mints was delivered to the door. If you like your architecture in the Spanish style and your grand hotel traditions on the economical side, this old place is just for you. By nine-thirty, Althaea and i were up on the sixth floor in the ladies' steam room with a flock of other bathers. From there we progressed to the black sulphrous mineral baths, good for what ails you inside and out. Will Rogers said the Claremore waters would "cure you of everything but being a Democrat." He was right. I'm *still* afflicted with that particular folly.

After stewing in the dark and Democratic waters until your head spins and your ice cubes run out, it's time for a blanket wrap, and that's what we got. This is followed by a Swedish massage given by a slim woman who has incredibly strong hands. I didn't quite catch her name, but i think one of the other women, who bathes there regularly, called her Val. In any case, she collects those neat little old glass candy dishes in the form of chickens. Next time i go to Claremore, i'm gonna bring her a red one. That's the one colour she lacks.

I mean it, folks. This is some swell place. The mineral baths cost less than half what they do out in California, and the hotel serves the greatest ham and beans with corn muffins for lunch, after your appetite gets in gear. Heck, they still sell linen-finish postcards for a quarter in the lobby! Oh, did i forget to tell you about the wonderful western wagon light fixtures, streamlined chrome chairs, painted "Indian blanket" motif plaster ceiling moldings and the friendly woman who gave me a copy of an old brochure from the 1930s? If i did, you can slap my wrist and call me careless, 'cause there's nothing short of dragging you there bodily that i wouldn't do to convince you to make this place a stop on your next vacation.

catherine yronwode

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OH, LORD, I'LL BE GOOD FROM NOW ON, I PROMISE!
WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON YOU, SAM..! WE HAD AN UNDERSTANDING...I WORK ALONE, YOU KNOW THAT...
...AND TO ASSIGN ME A GREENHORN!...GOTTA WORRY ABOUT HER NOW TOO, AS WELL AS MY OWN ASS...
OKAY?...GRAB YOUR COAT!
MY COAT?
WE'RE MAKING A BREAK FOR IT! OUTSIDE THERE IS A SUPPLY CLOSET... SOMEBODY LEFT THEIR GUNS BEHIND, LUCKY FOR US!
GUNS?
OKAY, OKAY— LASER RIFLES, DON'T GET TECHNICAL ON ME! LET'S GO! AND KEEP YOUR HEAD AND BUTT DOWN. THERE'S STILL A LOT OF TRAFFIC OUT THERE!
MOVE IT!
STOP.
I'M COMING! I'M COMING! WAIT-!
OH, NO!
STOP.

STOP.
NO WAY, TIN CAN!
STOP.
STOP. I CAN HELP.
REPORT.
THE INTRUDERS ESCAPED INTO CORRIDOR C.
SEAL OFF CORRIDOR C. ALERT STATUS BETA FOR OTHER SECTIONS.
-GASP- THOUGHT I WAS IN SHAPE-GASP. ...NOW WHAT?... -GASP-
SUPPLIES
PSSSST! GET OUT OF SIGHT, IDIOT!
-GASP- WHERE ARE YOU?-GASP-
CORRIDOR A SECTION 3D
SSH. I DON'T HAVE TO WHISPER, BUT YOU DO, OVER HERE!
WHERE?
DOWN HERE! CLOSE YOUR MOUTH AND PAY ATTENTION!
CHRISSAKES, IT'S HARD ENOUGH TO TALK LOUD ENOUGH SO PEOPLE WHO ARE LISTENING CAN HEAR ME. YOU WANT ME TO RUPTURE MY VOCAL CORDS?
SORRY.
HEY, I TOLD YOU TO WHISPER, REMEMBER? STANDING THIS CLOSE TO ME, YOU COULD DRIVE ME DEAF AS WELL AS DUMB!
OH. SORRY AGAIN.
GET IN THE CLOSET AND SHUT UP.
3

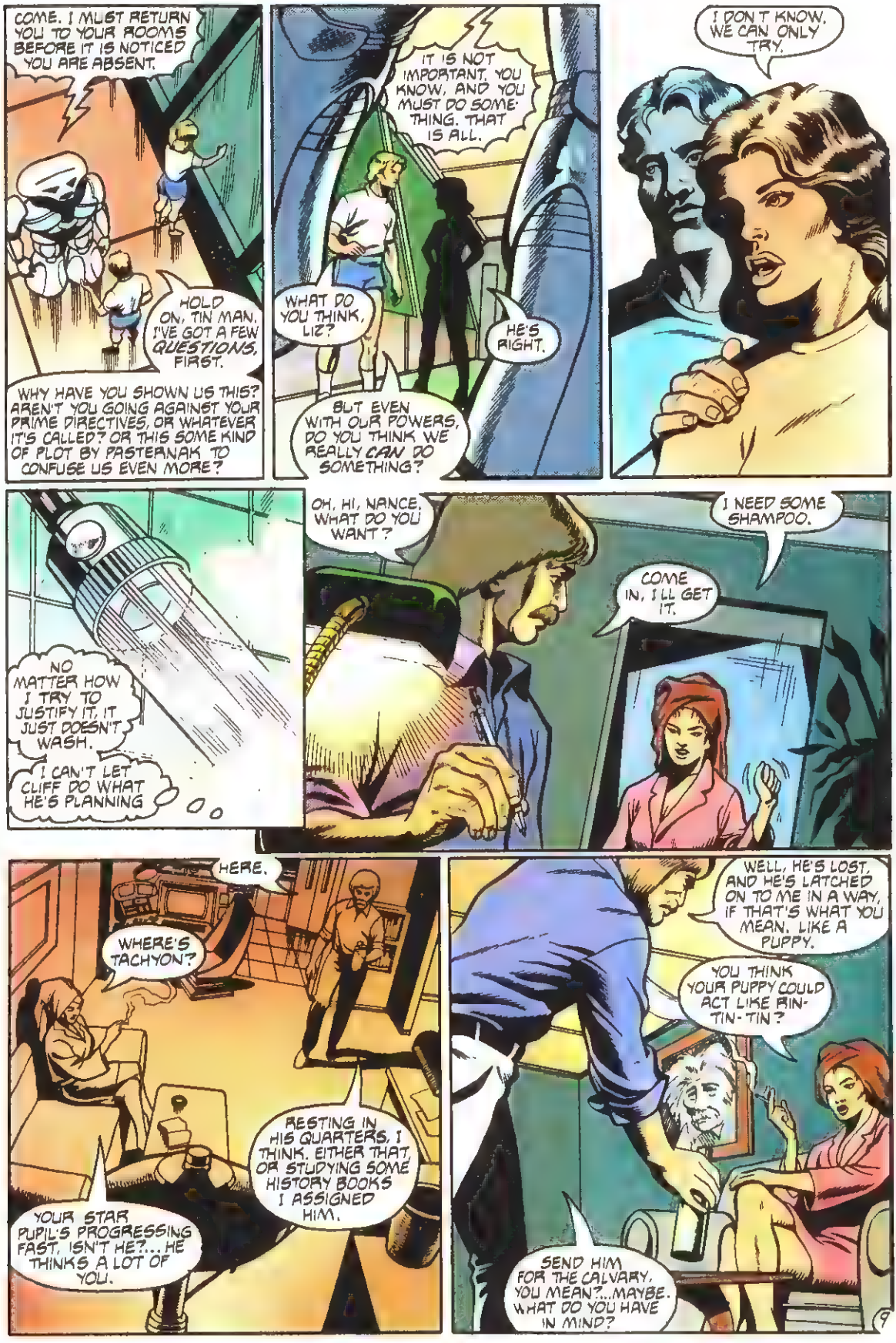
THOSE ARE HIS?
YES.
THEY LOOK COMPLETELY NORMAL, DON'T THEY?
HEART'S A LITTLE ENLARGED, ALTHOUGH WHETHER THAT'S WITHIN THE BOUNDARIES OF NORMALITY FOR HIM...
...OR A REACTION TO THIS ENVIRONMENT IS HARD TO JUDGE. AND THE DIAPHRAGM IS CONSIDERABLY THICKER THAN OURS.
WHAT DOES BLOOD CHEMISTRY SHOW?
EVERYTHING THAT SHOULD BE THERE IS THERE. ACID-BASE BALANCE, HEMOGLOBIN, HEMATOCRIT, PLATELET COUNT...EVERYTHING'S WITHIN ACCEPTABLE STANDARDS—
CONSIDERING THE SOURCE.
YES. CONSIDERING THE SOURCE, I THINK.
THERE ARE THE LATEST RESULTS?
UH-HUH.
YOU KNOW, NANCY, I'M NOT A BIOLOGIST. DENISE ROBERTSON SHOULD BE IN CHARGE. SHE'S CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER.
YOU HAVE THE SERVICES OF THE ENTIRE MEDICAL AND BIOLOGICAL SCIENCES STAFF.
NOT THE SAME THING.
GOD DAMN HIM! WHY'S HE DOING THIS?! WHY WON'T HE LET ME SEE HER?! WHY IS SHE GOING ALONG WITH HIM?!
CRASSH
AND NUMBER ONE REASON IS SO GOOD OL' JIMBO WILL GO ALONG WITH HIM, RIGHT? BLACKMAIL, NANCY! STINKIN', ROTTIN', SMELLY BLACKMAIL!
CLIFF HAS HIS REASONS, JAMES.
SO DON'T GO ALONG WITH IT. STOWAWAY ON THE NEXT SHUTTLE BACK. TELEX THE AP ABOUT THE CORPORATION'S PLANS. SEND YOUR BLUESKINNED FRUIT-FLY FOR HELP.
AFTER ALL, WHAT'S DIANA TO YOU? SO YOU WERE IN LOVE, ONCE. BIG DEAL. EVERYBODY WAS IN LOVE IN COLLEGE. IT WAS THE SIXTIES, JIMBO. OUR THEME SONG WAS MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR.
BUT YOU'RE SUCH A ROMANTIC FOOL. AND CLIFF KNOWS IT. AND HE USES THAT.
AND YOU, NANCE? I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE REALLY GOING ALONG WITH HIS PLANS.
AND THAT'S WHY YOU'RE STILL TALKING TO ME, RIGHT?
4

AM I WRONG, NANCY?
I'M A ROMANTIC, TOO, JIMBO. MY ROMANCE, MY DREAMS ARE JUST ON A LARGER SCALE THAN YOURS.
SO YOU'RE SAYING YOU BELIEVE IN CLIFF'S PLANS FOR SO-CALLED "WORLD UNITY"?
YES, I BELIEVE IN A UNITED WORLD CONCEPT. AND YOU DO, TOO. YOU'VE TOLD ME OFTEN ENOUGH IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO ENSURE SURVIVAL OF THE SPECIES.
THAT'S NOT WHAT I ASKED YOU!... DO YOU BELIEVE IN CLIFF??
HE HAS A VISION.
SO DID HITLER, AS YOU POINTED OUT ONCE BEFORE!
AND SO DID COLUMBUS, AND ELIZABETH I, AND JEFFERSON, AND JULIUS CAESAR, AND A HUNDRED THOUSAND OTHER MEN AND WOMEN, GOOD AND BAD, WHOSE NAMES WE KNOW OR DON'T KNOW.
AND MAYBE FOR GOOD REASON. YOU EVER STOP AND THINK OF THAT?
OH, BALONEY. COLUMBUS HAD A THEORY, AND ISABELLA WANTED RICHES. ELIZABETH WANTED AN EMPIRE. JEFFERSON WANTED LAND. CAESAR WANTED POWER. ALL SELFISH REASONS. ALL SELFISH VISIONS.
BUT GREAT THINGS CAME OUT OF THEIR SELFISHNESS.
OKAY, I'LL GRANT YOU THAT HUMANITY'S NOBLER ACCOMPLISHMENTS SOMETIMES ARE BORN OUT OF HUMANITY'S BASER ASPIRATIONS.
BUT SO FAR ALL YOU'VE MOUTHED ARE CLIFF'S PLATITUDES, CLIFF'S ASPIRATIONS ...WHAT DO YOU WANT, NANCY?
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
JAMES...
5

OH, FORGET IT.
NANCY, DON'T—
I SAID, FORGET IT!
GOOD EVENING, NANCY. FINE WEATHER WE ARE HAVING, ARE WE NOT?
YEAH, SURE, THE ENVIRONMENTAL CONTROLS ARE WORKING PERFECTLY! SHEESH!
IT IS NOT GOOD WEATHER, JAMES? I MADE NANCY ANGRY?
WE DON'T HAVE WEATHER ON A SPACE STATION, TACHYON. NOT THE WAY YOU MEAN IT, ANYWAY. AND, NO, NANCY IS NOT ANGRY AT YOU.
SHE IS ANGRY AT YOU?
ACTUALLY, TACHYON, I THINK SHE IS ANGRY AT HERSELF.
WHY?
IT'S COMPLICATED.
I DO NOT KNOW THAT WORD YET.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT EITHER, TACHYON.
COME. I WANT TO TEST YOUR REFLEXES, AGAIN.
I WILL LEARN THE WORDS, JAMES, THEN I CAN HELP YOU AND NANCY.
MAYBE. WE'LL SEE.

I CAN'T FIGURE YOU OUT, YOU KNOW THAT?
HEY! LET IT GO!
TELL ME, LIZZIE, WHAT'S MADE YOU INTO A "CORPORATION WOMAN" ALL OF A SUDDEN? IS IT BECAUSE PASTERNAK LETS YOU WEAR THAT SHIRT WITHOUT A BRA? NOT LIKE YOUR GRANDMA, IS HE?
THAT LECH!
YOU DON'T GET IT, DO YOU? DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT IF WE ACT THE WAY HE WANTS US TO, WE STAND A BETTER CHANCE OF GETTING BACK HOME?
OH, YOU MEAN WE SHOULD BE GOOD LITTLE HOSTAGES, IS THAT IT? 'CAUSE THAT'S WHAT WE ARE, YOU KNOW? BUT DAMNED IF I CAN FIGURE OUT WHY! WHAT'S HIS GAME, ANYWAY?
WELL, ACTING SULLEN AND STUBBORN'S NOT GOING TO GET US ANYWHERE! WE HAVE TO FIGURE OUT THE RULES, DANNY, BEFORE WE CAN BREAK—
OH. HELLO.
HUH?
COME WITH ME.
WHY? OUR RECREATION HOUR'S NOT UP YET!
DANNY!... YES, OF COURSE. WE'RE COMING.
YOU MUST DO SOMETHING. YOU HAVE POWERS. YOU MUST USE THEM.
I DON'T GET IT. WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE? WE AREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE SEEING THIS, ARE WE? WHO ARE YOU? WHAT'S GOING ON??
LIZZIE... I THINK THIS MAN OF STEEL HAS FIGURED OUT THE RULES—
"—AND HAS DECIDED THEY HAVE TO BE BROKEN."
"IT- IT LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF WAR ROOM."
"IT IS CORPCONTROL. FROM HERE, THE END WILL START."
"THE END? THE END OF WHAT?
"LIZ...LOOK AT THAT CLOCK ...DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? IT'S COUNTING DOWN, LIZ! COUNTING DOWN TO WORLD WAR III!"

THIS IS WHAT YOUR FRIEND SAM SENT YOU HERE TO UNCOVER?
I DON'T THINK SAM OR EVEN HIS SUPERIORS GUESSED AT THIS SET-UP!
SORRY YOU HITCHED THAT RIDE ON THE SHUTTLE, MORGAN?
I DUNNO. YOU SORRY?
I CAN USE THE HELP.
I THOUGHT YOU SAID I WAS A GREENHORN PAIN-IN-THE-BUTT?
AND THAT YOU WORK ALONE?
HONEY, YOU DON'T EVEN RATE AS A GREENHORN. YOU ARE A NON-SEQUITUR, A CIVILIAN! BUT YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD WITH THAT POLE OF YOURS, AND ANYWAY...
...I MAY BE STUBBORN, BUT I'M NOT STUPID!
THANKS, I THINK.
NOW WHAT?
NOW WE GOTTA NOTIFY OUR FRIENDS DOWN ON EARTH. AND FAST. UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, THAT CLOCK IS WINDING DOWN TO DOOMSDAY.
BUT YOU TOLD ME THEY DIDN'T GIVE YOU ANY WAY TO CONTACT THEM. YOU SAID THIS WAS STRICTLY RECONNAISSANCE.
"WE IMPROVISE, HONEY."
"DOT...DIRECTLY ACROSS, IN THE WINDOW...THOSE KIDS..."
"WHAT ABOUT 'EM?"
"THEY CAN'T BE INVOLVED IN THIS!"
C'MON. TIME'S A-WASTING.
BUT WHAT ABOUT THOSE KIDS?
PROBABLY RELATED TO THE BOSS IN SOME WAY. NOT OUR AFFAIR.
YOU...YOU BITCH!
I KNOW.

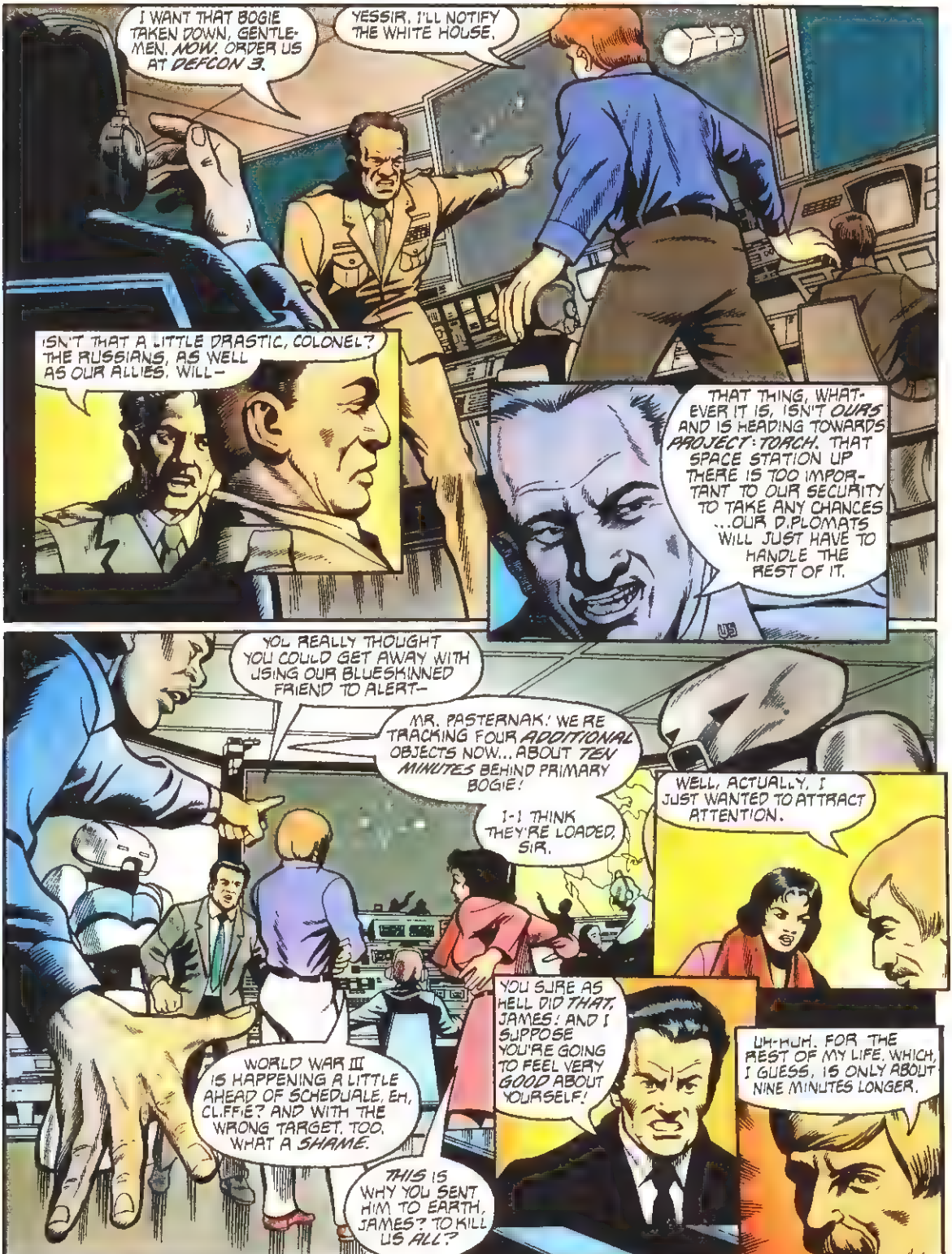

COME. I MUST RETURN YOU TO YOUR ROOMS BEFORE IT IS NOTICED YOU ARE ABSENT.
HOLD ON, TIN MAN. I'VE GOT A FEW QUESTIONS, FIRST.
WHY HAVE YOU SHOWN US THIS? AREN'T YOU GOING AGAINST YOUR PRIME DIRECTIVES, OR WHATEVER IT'S CALLED? OR THIS SOME KIND OF PLOT BY PASTERNAK TO CONFUSE US EVEN MORE?
IT IS NOT IMPORTANT, YOU KNOW, AND YOU MUST DO SOMETHING. THAT IS ALL.
WHAT DO YOU THINK, LIZ?
HE'S RIGHT.
BUT EVEN WITH OUR POWERS, DO YOU THINK WE REALLY CAN DO SOMETHING?
I DON'T KNOW. WE CAN ONLY TRY.
NO MATTER HOW I TRY TO JUSTIFY IT, IT JUST DOESN'T WASH.
I CAN'T LET CLIFF DO WHAT HE'S PLANNING
OH, HI, NANCE. WHAT DO YOU WANT?
I NEED SOME SHAMPOO.
COME IN, I'LL GET IT.
HERE.
WHERE'S TACHYON?
RESTING IN HIS QUARTERS, I THINK. EITHER THAT, OR STUDYING SOME HISTORY BOOKS I ASSIGNED HIM.
YOUR STAR PUPIL'S PROGRESSING FAST, ISN'T HE?... HE THINKS A LOT OF YOU.
WELL, HE'S LOST, AND HE'S LATCHED ON TO ME IN A WAY, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN. LIKE A PUPPY.
YOU THINK YOUR PUPPY COULD ACT LIKE RIN-TIN-TIN?
SEND HIM FOR THE CALVARY, YOU MEAN?...MAYBE. WHAT DO YOU HAVE IN MIND?

"GIVING OUR EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL A FAST GEOGRAPHY LESSON."
"WHAT KIND OF GEOGRAPHY LESSON, NANCY?"
"I HEAR THE COLORADO ROCKIES ARE VERY BEAUTIFUL THIS TIME OF YEAR."
"WHAT'S IN COLORADO?"
"NORAD."
"I SEE...YOU EXPECT TACHYON TO JUST WALTZ IN AND ANNOUNCE THAT THE END IS NIGH?"
"WHY NOT?"
"SUDDENLY STRICKEN WITH GUILT, EH, NANCE? YOUR CONSCIENCE FINALLY GETTING TO YOU?"
"DON'T GIVE ME THAT, JAMES! YOU KNEW WHAT CLIFF WAS UP TO! BUT YOU WERE SO CONCERNED OVER YOUR DARLING DIANA THAT YOU GAVE IN!
"MAYBE I SOLD OUT FOR MONEY AND POWER, BUT YOU SOLD OUT FOR LOVE! SOME LOVE! YOU'RE JUST AS SELFISH AS I AM, YOU HYPOCRITE!
North Americ
Air Defense
Command
"AM I, NANCY?"
"WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"
"I DECIDED TO LET TACHYON EXPERIENCE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN NATURAL CLIMATE AND ENVIRONMENTALLY—CONTROLLED ATMOSPHERE HIMSELF."
"YOU MEAN YOU—?!"
"UH-HUH. DON'T ACT SO SURPRISED. ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU WERE SUGGESTING?
BUT... BUT YOU SAID HE WAS IN HIS QUARTERS!
I LIED.
BY THE WAY, DO YOU STILL WANT THE SHAMPOO? AFTER ALL, ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU CAME HERE FOR?

LIES UPON LIES UPON LIES.
YOU REALLY MUST THINK ME A FOOL.
CLIFF, I—
SHUT UP, JAMES... AND YOU, TOO, NANCY.
I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING.
YOU WERE ABOUT TO.
IT'S TOO LATE, CLIFF.
THAT'S RIGHT.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN??
THE COUNTDOWN'S STARTED.
NO! YOU CAN'T MEAN IT! CLIFF, LISTEN TO ME! YOU CAN'T—
CAN'T I?
NO! CLIFF, YOU MANIAC! DON'T YOU REALIZE—!
I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO WATCH.
I REALLY DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT THEY'RE SO UPSET ABOUT.
THEY'LL BE ABLE TO WASH THEIR HAIR TOMORROW.

HURRY UP, FOR GOD'S SAKE!
I'M GOING AS FAST AS I CAN. THIS IS DELICATE WORK.
WHY DON'T YOU JUST SHRINK DOWN AGAIN AND ZAP IT!?
DOESN'T WORK LIKE THAT. I COULD BLOW THE WHOLE COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEM, AND THEN WHAT?
WHAT IF THOSE GOONS COME ALONG?
WE'LL HANDLE IT THEN. BESIDES, DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOU LOVED ADVENTURE? AND ISN'T THIS AN ADVENTURE?
YEAH, BUT-
SSSH. WHAT WAS THAT?
CLINK
I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE JUST A WATER PIPE OR SOMETHING.
WELL, STAY SHARP. I'M ALMOST READY TO TRANSMIT.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
OKAY. CROSS YOUR FINGERS.
I TAPPED INTO THEIR SATELLITE COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEMS. I'M GONNA "ZAP" A MESSAGE DOWN TO SOME SNOW-BOUND CORPORAL IN ALASKA...KIND OF AN INTER-PLANETARY MORSE CODE.
IF HE'S NOT SLEEPING ON THE JOB, AND IF HE RECOGNIZES THE CODE, IT'LL GET TO THE PENTAGON.
SO YOU WORK FOR THE MILITARY?
I DIDN'T SAY THAT.
CRATTERAK!
WHA-??
DON'T MOVE! I'M WARNING YOU!!
DON'T SHOOT! WE GIVE UP!



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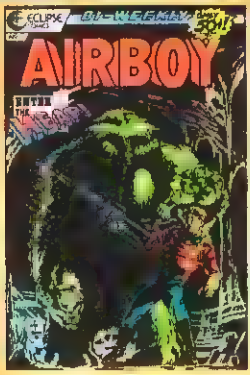

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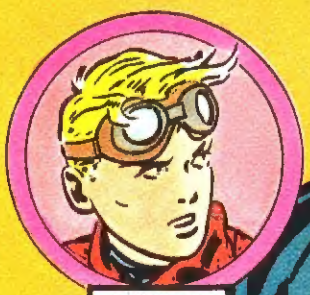

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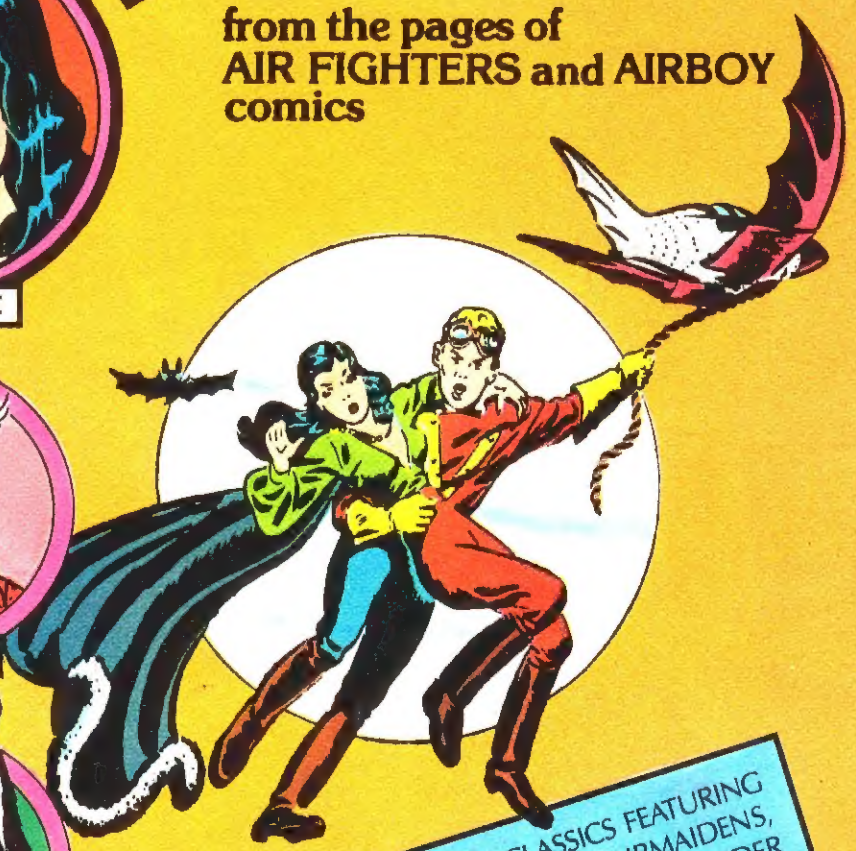

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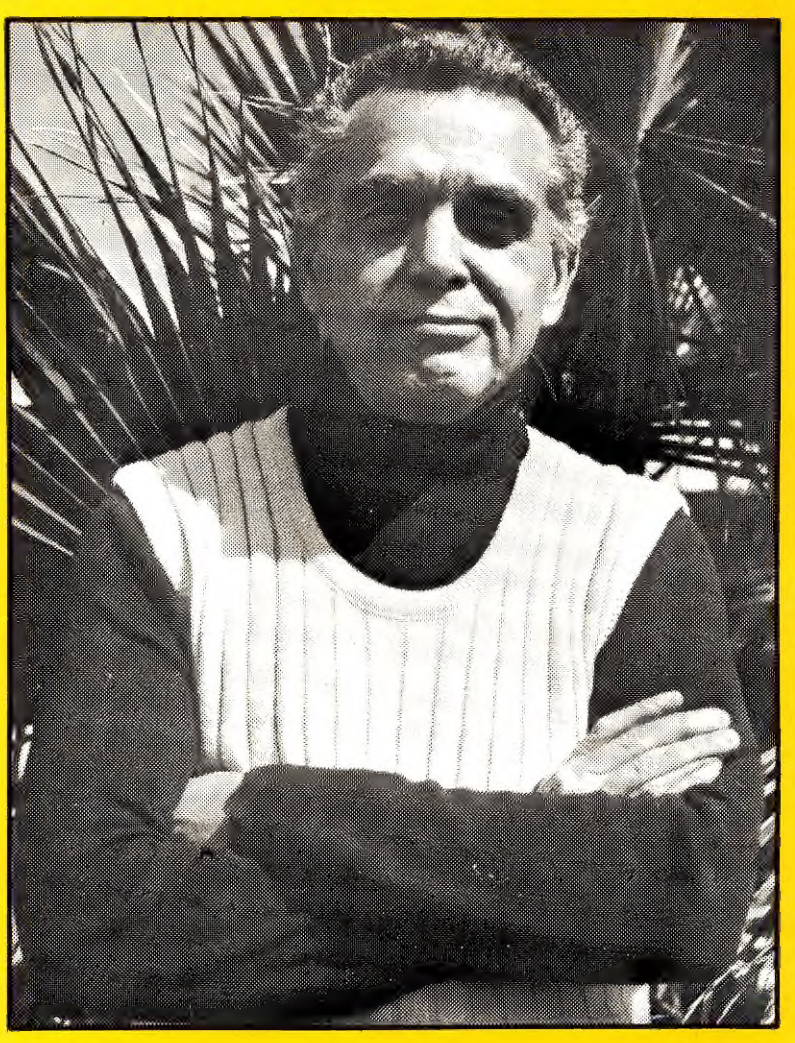

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